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Vol. I.

No. 16.



SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1870.

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PUNCHINELLO PUBLISHING COMPANY,

83 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD,

By ORPHEUS C. KERR,

Continued in this Number

See 15th Page for Extra Premiums.

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THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

The Pond at Bumsteadville is sufficiently near the turnpike to be readily reached from the latter, and, if mentioned in the advertisement of a summer boarding-house, would be called Lake Duckingham, on account of the fashionable ducks resorting thither for bathing and flirtation in the season. When July's sun turns its tranquil mirror to hues of amber and gold, the slender mosquito sings Hum, sweet Hum, along its margin; and when Autumn hangs his livery of motley on the trees, the glassy surface breathes out a mist wherefrom arises a spectre, with one hand of ice and the other of flame, to scatter Chills and Fever. Strolling beside this picturesque watering-place in the dusk, the Gospeler suddenly caught the clatter of a female voice, and, in a moment, came face to face with MONTGOMERY and MAGNOLIA PENDRAGON.

"A cold and frog-like place, this, for a lady's walk, Miss PENDRAGON," he said, hastily swallowing a bronchial troche to neutralize the damp air admitted in speaking. "I hope you have on your overshoes."

"My sister brings me here," explained the brother, "so that her constant talking to me may not cause other people's heads to pain them."

"I believe," continued the Reverend OCTAVIUS, walking slowly on with them, "I believe, Mr. PENDRAGON, your sister finds out from you everything that you learn, or say, or do?"

"Everything," assented the young man, who seemed greatly exhausted. "She averages one question a minute."

"Consequently," went on Mr. SIMPSON, "she knows that I have advised you to make some kind of apology to EDWIN DROOD, for the editorial remarks passing between you on a certain important occasion?" He looked at the sister as he spoke, and took that opportunity to quickly swallow a quinine powder as a protection from the chills.

"My brother, sir," said MAGNOLIA, "because, like the Lesbian Alceus, fighting for the liberty of his native Mitylene, he has sympathized with his native South, finds himself treated by Mr. DROOD with a lack of magnanimity of which even the renegade PRITACUS would have been ashamed."

"But even at that," returned the Gospeler, much educated by her remark, "would it not be better for us all, to have this hapless misunderstanding manfully explained away, and a reconciliation achieved?"

"Did ESCHYLUS explain to the Areopagus, after he had been unjustly abused?" asked the young female student, eagerly. "Or did he, rather, nobly prefer to remain silent, even until AMENIAS reminded his prejudiced Yankee judges that he had fought at Salamis?"

"Dear me," ejaculated the Gospeler, gasping, "I only meant—"

"I defend my brother," continued MAGNOLIA, passionately, "as in the Antigone of SOPHOCLES, ELECTRA defends ORESTES; and even if he has no PYLADES, he shall still be not without a friend in the habitation of the Pylopidæ."

"Upon my soul!" murmured the Reverend Mr. SIMPSON, "this is a dreadful state of things."

"I may as well confess to you, sir," said MONTGOMERY, temporarily removing his fingers from his ears, "that I admire Miss POTTS as much as I'm down on DROOD."

"He admires her," struck in his sister, "as ALCMAN, of Sardis, admired MEGALOSTRATA; and, in her betrothal to a Yankee, sees another SAPHO matrimonially sacrificed to another CERCOLAS of Andros."

"Mr. DROOD," panted the Gospeler, "you must give up this infatuation. The Flowerpot is engaged to another, and you have no business to express such sentiments for another's bride until after she is married. Eloquently as your sister—"

"I pretend to be no MYRTIS, in genius," continued MAGNOLIA, humbly. "I am not an ERINNA, an AMYTE, a PRAXILLA, or a NOSSIS; but all that is intellectually repugnant within me is stirred by this treatment of my brother, who is no PHILODEMUS to find in Mr. DROOD his PISO; and sometimes I feel as though, like another SIMONIDES, I could fly with him from this inhospitable Northern house of SCOPAS, to the refuge of some more generous DIOSCURI. In the present macrocosm, to which we have come from our former home's microcosm, my brother is persistently maligned, even by Mr. BUMSTEAD, who may yet, if I am any judge, meet

the fate of ANACREON, as recorded by SINDAS; though, in his case, the choking will not be accomplished by a grape-stone, but by a clove."

"Well, well," said the Reverend OCTAVIUS, in a faint voice, "I shall expect you to at least meet EDWIN DROOD half-way in a reconciliation, Mr. PENDRAGON, for your own sake. I will see that he makes the first advance."

"Generous and dear tutor!" exclaimed MONTGOMERY, "I will do anything, with you for my guide."

"Follow your guide penitently, brother," cried his sister, pathetically, "and you will find in him a relenting—POLYNICUS. Whatever we may feel towards others," she added, catching and kissing the overpowered Gospeler's hand, as they parted company, "you shall ever be our chosen, trusted and only PSYCHOPOMPOS." *

Holding his throbbing head with both his hands, as he walked feebly homeward, the worn-out Gospeler noticed a light streaming from Mr. BUMSTEAD's window; and, inspired by a sudden impulse, entered the boarding-house and ascended straightway to the Ritualistic organist's rooms. BUMSTEAD was asleep upon the rug before the fire, with his faithful umbrella under his arm, when Mr. SIMPSON, after vainly knocking, opened the door; and never could the Gospeler forget how, upon being addressed, the sleeper started wildly up, made a futile pass at him with the umbrella, took a prolonged and staring drink from a pitcher of water on the table, and hurriedly ate a number of cloves from a sancer near an empty lemon-tea goblet over the mantel.

"Why, it's only I," explained the Reverend OCTAVIUS, rather alarmed by the glare with which he was regarded.

"Sit down, my friends," said Mr. BUMSTEAD, huskily; himself taking a seat upon a coal-scuttle near at hand, with considerable violence. "I'm glad you aroused me from a dreadful dream of reptiles. 'I sh'pose you want me to see you home, sir?'"

"Not at all," was the Gospeler's answer. "In fact, Mr. BUMSTEAD, I am anxious to bring about a reconciliation between these two young men. Let us have peace."

"If you want to let's have peash," observed the other, rather vaguely, "why don't you go fishing whenever there's any fighting talk, shir! Such a course is not, you'll Grant, unpresidented."

"I believe," said Mr. SIMPSON, waiving the suggestion, "that you entertain no favorable opinion of young PENDRAGON!"

Reaching to a book on the table, and, after various airy failures, laying hold upon it, Mr. BUMSTEAD answered: "This is my Diary, gentlemen; to be presented to Mrs. STOWE, when I'm no more, for a memoir. You, being two clergymen, wouldn't care to read it. Here's my entry on the night of the caucus in this room. Lish'n now: 'Half-pash Ten.—Considering the Democratic sentiments of the MONTGOMERIES PENDRAGONS, and their evident disinclination to vote the Republican Ticket, I b'lieve them capable of any crime. If they should kill my two nephews, it would be no hic-traordinary sh'prise. Have just been in to look at my nephews asleep, to make sure that the PENDRAGONS have put no snakes in their bed.' Thash is one entry," continued Mr. BUMSTEAD, momentarily pausing to make a blow with the fire-shovel at some imaginary creature crawling across the rug. "Here's another, written next morning after cloves: 'My nephews have gone to New York together this A.M. They laughed when I cautioned them against the MONTGOMERIES, and said they didn't see it. I am still very uneasy, however, and have hurriedly pulled off my boots to kill the reptiles in them. How's this for high?' Mr. BUMSTEAD fell into a doze for an instant, and then added: "I see the name 'J. BUMSTEAD' signed to this. Who's he?—Oh! i'mushbe myself."

"Well, well," commented the slightly astonished Gospeler, "whatever my be your private opinions, I ask you, as a matter of evident public propriety, and for the good of everybody, to soften Mr. DROOD toward Mr. PENDRAGON, as I have already softened Mr. PENDRAGON toward Mr. DROOD. You and I must put an end to this foolish quarrel."

"Thashis so," said Mr. BUMSTEAD, with sudden assent, laboriously gaining his feet to bid his guest good-bye, and rather absent-mindedly opening the umbrella over his head as he fumbled for the knob of the door. "You and I musht reconcile these four young men. Gooright, shir. Take a little soda-water in the morning and you'll be auright, shir."

On the third day after this interview, Mr. BUMSTEAD waited upon Mr. SIMPSON with the following note, which, after searching agitatedly for

* The Adapter refers confidently to any Southern female novel of the period for proof, that sentimental Magnolian school-girls always talk, or write, everything educational, except good English, when conferring with their deafened masculine friends.

it in his hat and all his pockets, he finally found up one of his sleeves: "My dear JACK:—I am much pleased to hear of your conversation about me with that good man whom you call 'the Reverends Messieurs SIMPSON,' and shall gladly comply with his wish for a make-up between PENDRAGON and myself. Invite PENDRAGON to dinner on Christmas Eve, when only we three shall be together, and we'll shake hands. Ever, dear clove-y JACK, yours truly, EDWIN DROOD."

"You think Mr. PENDRAGON will accept, then?" said the Gospeler.

Mr. BUMSTEAD nodded darkly, shook hands, bowed to a large arm-chair for Mrs. SIMPSON, and retired with much stateliness.

CHAPTER XI.

A PICTURE AND A PARCEL.

Behind the most sample-roomey, fire-insuranceish, and express-wagonized part of Broadway, New York, yawns a venerable street called Nassau; wherein architecture is a monster of such hideous mien that to be hated needs but to be rented, and more full-grown men stare into shoe-stores and shirt-emporiums without buying anything than in any other part of the world. Near the lower end of this quaint avenue rises the Post-Office, sending aloft a wooden steeple which is the coffin of a dead clock, and looking, altogether, like some good, old-fashioned country church, which, having come to town many years ago to see its city cousins, and been discouraged by their brown-stone airs, retired, much demoralized, into a shady by-way, and there fell from grace into a kind of dissipated cross between Poor-House and railroad depot. To reach this amazing edifice, with too much haste for more than a momentary glimpse of its harrowing exterior, and to get away from it, with as speed as little complimentary to the charms of its shadow, are, apparently, the two great and exclusive objects of the thousands swarming down and up the narrow street all through a day. Some twenty odd boot-shops, all next-door-but-one to each other, startlingly alike in their despondent outer appearances, and uniformly conducted by embittered elderly men of savage aspect—seem to sue in vain from year to year for at least one customer; and as many other melancholy dens for the sale of exactly the things no one but a madman would want to buy while on his way to a Post-Office, or from it, appear to wait as hopelessly for the first purchaser. There are, too, no end of open-air dealers in such curious postal incidentals as ghastly apples, insulting neck-ties, and impracticable pocket-combs; to whom, possibly, an unwholesome errand boy may be seen applying for a bargain about once in the lifetime of an ordinary *habitué* of the street, but whose general wares were never seen selling to the extent of four shillings by any living observer. Still, with an affront to human credulity of which only newspapers are capable, it has been declared, in print, that there are bootmakers and apple-women of Nassau who continually buy choice up-town corner-lots with their profits; and, if it may be therefrom inferred that the other trades of the street do as incredibly well, it were wise, perhaps, to be further convinced that people have a well-established habit of stealthily laying in their new raiment, fruit, and toilet articles while going for their business-mails, and at once relinquish all earthly confidence in the senses obstinately refuting the theory.

About half-way between end and end of Nassau street stands a row of what were modest dwelling-houses in the remote days when the city was under the rule of the Americans, but are now only so many floors of law offices. Who owns them is not known; for proprietors of real-estate in this extraordinary highway of antiquity are never mentioned in public like owners in any other street; but they are shabby, dreary, hopeless-looking old piles, suggestive of having, perhaps, been hurried and tumbled through musty law-suits scores of times, and occupied at last by the robber Law itself for costs. On a certain dark, foggy afternoon in December, one of the seediest of the fallen brick brotherhood presented a particularly dingy appearance, as the gas-lights necessitated by the premature gloom of the hour gleamed dimly through a blaring window-pane here and there. The house still retained the narrow street-door, hall-way, and abrupt immediate stairway of its earlier days; and had, too, the old-style goodly single brown stone for a "stoop," along the front fall of which, in faded white block letters, as though originally done with a stencil-plate, appeared the strange device:

S-T-1860-X.

Whether this curious legend referred to the sweets or bitters of the tenement's various experiences; whether it meant Subjected To 1860 'Xecutions, or Sacrificed to 1860 'Xecutors, or Sentenced to Wait e'en Sixty 'Xigencies, did not bother the head of Mr. DIBBLE, who came in from Gowanus every morning to occupy his law-office up-stairs, and was sitting thoughtfully therein, before a grate fire, on the dull, wintry afternoon in question.

Severely unostentatious was that office, with its two ink-stained desks, shelves of lettered deed-boxes, glass case of law-books in sheep, and vellum-covered reading-table in the centre of the room. Its prompt lesson for the visitor was: You are now in the Office of an old-school Constitutional Lawyer, Sir; and if you want an Absolute Divorce, Obtained for No Cause, in Any State; No Publicity; No Charges; you must step around to a certain newspaper sanctum for your witnesses, and apply to some other legal practitioner. In this establishment, sir, after you have left your measure in the shape of a retaining fee, we fit you with a suit warranted to last as long as you do. We cut your pockets to suit ourselves, but furnish you as much choler as you can stand. If you are a purse-y man the suit will have no lack of sighs for you; if you are thin, it will make your waste the greater.

Mr. DIBBLE's usual companion in this office was his clerk, BLADAMS, who generally wrote at the second desk, and, consequently, was a person of another deskcription. A politician in former days—when he was known as Mr. WILLIAM ADAMS—this clerk had aspired to office in New York, and freely spent his means to attain the same. His name, however, was too much for his fortune. Public credulity revolted from the pretence that a WILLIAM ADAMS had come from Ireland some years before, on purpose to found the family of which the later candidate of the same name claimed to be a descendant; and, after an election in which he had spent the last of his money, he was "counted out" in favor of a rather hod character named O'GLOORAL. Thus practically taught to understand the political genius of a Republic, which, as gloriously contrasted with any effete monarchy ruled by a Peerage, looks for its own governing class to the Stereage, Mr. WILLIAM ADAMS subsided impecuniously into plain BILL ADAMS and a book-keepership in dry goods; and was ultimately blurred into BLADAMS and employment as a copyist by Mr. DIBBLE, to whom his experience of spending every cent he had in the world, and getting nothing in the world for it but wrinkles, seemed felicitously legal and almost supernaturally qualifying for law-writing. BLADAMS was about forty years old, though appearing much older: with a slight cast in his left eye, a pimply pink countenance, and a circular piece of unimproved property on top of his head.

"Any news?" inquired Mr. DIBBLE, as this member of the once powerful American race entered the office and still grasped the edge of the door.

"I saw Mr. DROOD across the street just now," was the answer.

"And what did he say, BLADAMS?"

"That, in turn he'd see me across the street; and here he is," returned the clerk, advancing into the room.

"Ah, my dear Mr. EDWIN, glad to see you!" exclaimed Mr. DIBBLE, rising to his feet and turning about to greet the new comer. "Sit down by the fire; and don't mind the presence of Mr. BLADAMS, who was once a gentleman."

"Thank you, old man, I don't know but I will take a glow with you," said EDWIN, accepting a chair and throwing aside hat and overcoat.

"You're just in time to dine with me," continued the lawyer. "I'll send across to a restaurant for three stews and as many mugs of ale. We must ask Mr. BLADAMS to join us, you see; for he was once a decent man, and might not like to be sent out for oysters unless asked to take some."

"If they're the small black ones you generally treat on, I'd rather be excused," grumbled Mr. BLADAMS, involuntarily placing a hand upon his stomach, as though already paying the penalty of such bivalvular hospitality.

"Order saddle-rocks this time," was the reckless response of his employer. "Mr. EDWIN is so rarely our guest that we must do the princely. You'll tell them, BLADAMS, to send plenty of crackers, and request the waiters to keep their fingers out of the stews while bringing the latter over. I've known waiters to have their finger-nails boiled off in time, by a habit of carrying soups and stews with the ends of their digits in them."

The clerk departing to order the feast, Mr. DIBBLE renewed his attention to Mr. E. DROOD, who had already taken his ball from his pocket and was practicing against the mantel.

"I suppose you are on your way to Bumsteadville, again, Mr. EDWIN, and have called to see if I have any message for my pretty ward over there."

"That's the ticket," assented EDWIN, making a neat fly-catch.

"You're impatient to be there, of course?" assented Mr. DIBBLE, with what might have passed for an attempt at archness if he had not been so wholly devoted to squareness.

"I believe the Flowerpot is expecting me," yawned the young man.

"Do you keep plants there, Mr. EDWIN?"

"The whole thing is a regular plant, Mr. DIBBLE."

"But you spoke about a flowerpot."

EDWIN stretched his feet further toward the fire, and explained that he meant Miss PORRIS. "Did she say anything to you about the PENDRAGONS, when you saw her?" he inquired.

"What are pendragons?" asked the lawyer, wonderingly.

"One of them is a schoolmate of hers. A girl with some style about her."

"No," said Mr. DIBBLE, "she did not.—But here comes BLADAMS."

(To be Continued.)

OUR AGRICULTURAL COLUMN.

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To avoid the charge of plagiarism I have concluded to adopt the above, as the title of the following statistics.

Many persons have trifled with the subject of agriculture; notably among these may be mentioned the "self-made" man and the innocent who has been abroad. I propose to attack the subject seriously, and to lay before the readers of PUNCHINELLO information which will make their hair (if it be of a carrot hue,) stand on end, and will certainly appease their curiosity.

There are several ways in which agriculture may be attacked. 1st, Scientifically, (but then you are likely to get to Lie-big.) 2nd, Theologically, (and a vast deal of theology may be picked up on a well-located farm, for do we not find "sermons in stones"?) 3d, Humorously, (which is the way in which the aforesaid "self-made" man advances to it,) and 4th, Practically, (in which way, I think, that innocent gets at it.) Now, when, during the war, I was building forts at the Dry Tortugas, my overseer informed me that a fort was most easily taken when attacked on all sides, so I have concluded to pitch into agriculture from every quarter. Therefore my remarks may be considered as made in a Scientific-theological-humorous-practical sense.

Postponing a description of soils to a future time, I proceed to elucidate, first,

CORN.

Of this vegetable there are five varieties, viz.: hard corn, soft corn, chicken corn, pop corn, and Indian corn. It is a very useful production, as it affords occupation to a large number of itinerant persons, who have peculiar ways of sub-soiling it, some by a knife, some by washes, and some by plasters. This vegetable is generally planted early, (shoemakers having a monopoly of the cultivation,) and, curiously enough, the larger the crop the less the owner likes it. Rainy weather is good for this vegetable, as a damp day swells it very rapidly. It requires a deep soil, for you cannot have any corn without at least one foot, though two feet will probably produce a much larger crop.

The best treatment for hard corn is to subsoil it with a hatchet, though a little judicious paring is good; soft corn sometimes does the pairing itself, though not judiciously. Soft corn is sometimes called sweet corn, on the principle, "sweet are the uses of adversity." The variety of this vegetable cultivated by roosters is called chicken corn, though no farmer can give a reason therefor, as no chicken ever had anything to do with

a shoe, unless, perhaps, "shoo-fly." Corn cultivated by an old maid is irreverently called pop-corn. Why Indian corn should differ from white corn, I have never yet been able to discover. It flourishes under the same circumstances, and requires the same kind of care, and, except in color, cannot be distinguished from the white. Probably RED CLOUD could have told us the difference, if he had been properly interviewed.

Scientifically, corn is *tumor in footibus*; theologically, it is a "condemned" nuisance; humorously, you can't plant your foot without planting corn; practically, everybody treads on it.

Lot.

TO MANAGERS OF RAILROADS.

PUNCHINELLO invites the attention of managers of railroads, generally, but especially that of the President and Directors of the Morris and Essex Railroad Company, to his new Patent, Portable, Folding, Tripodular Derrick, with self-elongating extensions. The purposes to which this machine may be applied are too numerous to mention, but it will be found particularly useful for lifting up, and expelling from the cars, the heavy commuters of the railroad just referred to, who decline to pay double fare for stopping at Newark, and who sometimes even object to being ejected for non-payment of said perfectly fair fare.

In practical operation this machine is at once simple and complete. It is also refined, elevating, symmetrical, and chaste. By properly adjusting it, a railroad conductor can easily lift a recalcitrant passenger, and project him through one of the windows of the car, (provided said window is large enough to admit of such exit,) into any selected pool, or pond, or quagmire, or any other sort of mire, of the miasmatic salt meadows, with the produce of which Morris and Essex stock is so satisfactorily salted down.

Recent experiments upon pinguid and repudiating commuters, in the old way of bullying, coaxing, and "soft-sawdaring," have proved to be utter failures. The united forces of a conductor and two brakemen of the Morris and Essex R. R. proved, in a late instance of a member of the Fat Men's Club, quite inadequate to the ejection of that person from the car of which he occupied a conspicuous fraction. The obese fellow declined to have his ticket punched, and defied the officers of the road to come on and punch his head. It is for the expulsion of such blisters upon the social cuticle that PUNCHINELLO's invention has been specially devised.

As it is intended solely for the use and benefit of railroad managers, no further particulars respecting it will be supplied to recalcitrant commuters unless their applications are accompanied with Four Dollars, respectively—the regulated price of one year's subscription to PUNCHINELLO's witty, plastic, unrivalled, intermittent, hebdomadal publication. Should no purchase of the patent in question be made by the directory of the Morris and Essex Railroad, however, PUNCHINELLO will then meet contingencies by condensing the machine, reducing it so much in size that a commuter may easily carry one in his waistcoat pocket, to be ready, when necessary, for extracting an insolent conductor out of his boots; or, should the occasion arise, for the immediate evulsion from office of the autocratic President of the concern, himself.

Local.

The enterprising reporter who discovered an earthquake in the eastern districts of the city, a few days since, has been obliged to employ a snake-charmer to extract from his left boot an immense anaconda that had effected a lodgement there.



FOLLOWING SUIT.—A Possible Sort of Retaliation.

"GOOD GRACIOUS, ARABELLA! DO BE CAREFUL—YOU'VE GOT YOUR FOOT ON THE GENTLEMAN'S TRAIN!"

"WELL, HOW CAN ONE HELP IT, WHEN THOSE ABSURD TRAINS ARE ALWAYS GETTING UNDER ONE'S FEET?"

THE FEMALE GENTLEMAN.

A Mournful Ballad of the Perted.



A certain fair young maid,
With mind on progress bent,
Could not endure the way
Reformers mostly went.
Those rights she wished to gain,
Which SUSAN A. expects,
But still she would not lose
The softness of her sex.
If at a station she
For cars did wait in vain,
She would not stride about,
And "damn" the hapless train.
"With men I'll equal be,"
She said, "if women can;
But still I must become
A female gentleman.
Hereafter I shall try
Polite and kind to be;
And treat all gentlemen
As gentlemen treat me."
One morning, in a stage,
She rode to STEWART'S store—
A young man soon got in,
And sat down near the door.
Then, leaning towards the man,
While passengers did stare,
She smiling said, "Good sir,
Shall I pass up your fare?"



The young man started back
As if he had been shot.
Said he, "This dollar bill?
I think I'd rather not!"

The poor girl sat abashed,
While every one began
To have suspicions of
This female gentleman.

One morning, hast'ning home,
It rained—to her regret,
And just before her walked
A young man getting wet.

She stepped up to him quick,
And said, with courtesy rare,
"It's raining, sir; will you
My large umbrella share?"

The young man sprang aside,
Beneath a leaky spout;
The water from his clothes
Ran like a stream for trout.



His hand upon his watch
He clapped, and cried, "Don't stop!
Just travel on, I say,
Or I shall call a 'cop!'"
This sort of thing she tried
In many such a case;
But every time she met
Deplorable disgrace.
At last she said, "Oh, ho!
My plan it is no use;



When I politeness show
I always get abuse.
The day is yet to come
When female courtesy
Is wanted by the men;
No more of it for me!
She straight sought SUSAN A.,
And joined her haughty clan
And tried no more to be
A female gentleman.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: Having been appointed by the Committee of the "American Universal Protection Society," of which you are chairman, to call upon our honored Secretary of State, with the view of obtaining protection for the interests of our merchants who are now endeavoring to create a trade in ant-eaters with the inhabitants of the Chickadiddle Islands in the South Sea, I have the honor to submit the following synopsis of what took place at the interview:

I found Mr. FISH in a state of partial exhaustion, owing to the unusual heat of the weather, and the perusal of a fresh batch of compliments forwarded to him by his particular friend in New York, the Hon. C. ANDERSON DANA.

Three negresses stood about him with palm-leaf fans, endeavoring to accelerate the movement of the atmosphere in the very close room to which the privacy of his feelings sometimes drives him. He was reclining upon a sofa when I entered, but immediately arose and motioned me to take a seat. I had scarcely occupied a comfortable looking stuffed back-piece of furniture, when a pricking sensation in the region of my coat-tails caused me to resume the perpendicular with amazing rapidity, and, upon looking down, I observed the point of a pin protruding through the cushion of the chair. The Secretary did not lose his gravity, but very heartily apologized for what he called the "little contretemps." The smarting sensation made me a little lax in speech, so that I did not choose my words with that regard for the majesty of a Premier which I came there at first disposed to do. He listened to my recital of the application with perfect equanimity, until I mentioned the name of PUNCHINELLO. At this point he colored slightly, bit his nether lip, and exclaimed, with evident vexation:

"What! the editor of a sheet that has dared to speak of me as a 'scaly' fellow, and hold my policy up to the laughter of the nation?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Secretary," I interposed, with all the courtesy of manner I could muster, "but I think you mistake the motive of Mr. PUNCHINELLO in applying that description to a person so august."

"Fire and fiddlesticks, sir! do you take me for a fool?"

I pressed my hand in the vicinity of the fifth rib on my left side, and solemnly asseverated that I did not.

"It makes no difference," added the great man, in an excited tone. "I can entertain no application coming from such a quarter."

"But will you permit me to explain what Mr. PUNCHINELLO intended by the epithet 'scaly'? It was only his peculiar way of saying that an officer appointed to administer the responsible duties of your august office could not impartially do so without the 'Scales'—of Justice."

"Nonsense!" shouted the petulant old mackerel; and now I began to feel "sassy."

"But you must admit, Mr. Secretary, that there is a great deal of sense in Mr. PUNCHINELLO's nonsense. He shoots folly as it flies, and yet it's a great pity that he can't shoot all the fools."

"I am impressed with the truth of that remark, from the fact of his sending you here," was the reply, delivered with an air and tone intended to be witheringly sarcastic. That was enough for me, so I dropped my gloves (metaphorically speaking) and went for him.

"Old man!" says I, "you were lifted out of the quiet of a happy home and placed here, not so much by the act of our illustrious President as by the dispensation of a mysterious Providence. Way down in Skewdunk they held prayer-meetings when they heard that news, and a good many of them haven't stopped praying yet. But only last week, let me tell you, Deacon DAYARDUST wrote to General GRANT's father, saying: 'JESSE, old boy, there's no use praying for that venerable porgy any longer; he's worse nor ever, and bound to drag LYSES down to the bottom with him.' The kind old man wrote back to the Deacon: 'That's so, GILL, as sure as pickled souse ain't pickled salmon.' And now, Mr. Secretary, I come to the point. What old GILL DAYARDUST and JESSE GRANT think of you is what the people think; and when PUNCH-

HELLO shoots at you an arrow now and then, dipped in fun, and winged with satire, he does it in no spirit of surly bitterness or spleen, but with a heart full of hope and charity, and as much as says to the people of the United States, in your hearing: 'My good friends, keep on praying for brother FISH, and don't give him up because some think him a "scaly" fellow.'"

Thus finishing this mingled admonition and explanation, I dropped a single tear upon the figure worked in the carpet, and gloomily quitted the apartment.

The next morning I found a letter upon the table, at my lodgings, bearing the imprint of the Department of State, and couched in these terms:

DEAR SIR: Instructions have been sent from this Department to Admiral POON, commanding U. S. Squadron in Cuban water: to extend to American merchants engaged in establishing a trade in ant-eaters with the inhabitants of the South Sea Chickadiddle Islands, every protection consistent with his remaining where he now is.
Very Respect'y,
HAMILTON FISH.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

COMIC ZOOLOGY.

Order, Reptilia. — Worms.

Worms are invertebral animals; in other words, they are backboneless, but nevertheless some of them—for example the prickly caterpillars—are full of spines. In Texas they call a chicken-snake seven feet long a worm; but it would be just as reasonable to call the Rosse Telescope an opera-glass.

The common earthworm is the most unfortunate variety of the species. Beaks are always after him, and he is often taken up early in the morning while lying perdu in the moist meadow grass. Earthworms are a good bait for trout, but the highflyers of the gentle craft consider it infra dig to dig them. Impaled on a hook, they are as lively as if on a bender, and if thrown, in this condition, into a stream or pool, the fish are apt to mistake them for their natural Grub. When quickly drawn from the liquid element by the angler, they sometimes come up with a single drop of water hanging to them, and sometimes—though more rarely—with two Gills. The question whether the hook hurts them, or only tickles till they squirm, is one of those knotty problems that physiologists have failed to solve. COWPER, the poet, had a tenderness for the earthworm. So also had ISAAC WALTON, who recommends that he be skewered "tenderly, as if you loved him."

From the cradle to the grave, and even after we are deposited in the latter, our bodies are liable to be infested with worms. There is the trichina spiralis, which really exists, although the German pork-butcher denounce the story as a "pig lie;" the ordinary intestinal worm, which disports itself, eel-like, in the Alimentary Canal; and the tape worm, of two varieties, one of which performs its circumlocutory antics in the human stomach, and the other in the government Bureaux at Washington. The worm that feeds on the cold meat of humanity, although the most insignificant of reptiles, has one attribute of Diety. It is no respecter of persons, and would as lief pick a bone in a royal vault as in POTTER's Field. All flesh is the same to it—unless saturated with carbolic acid. It is said that all living things are propagated—that the process of creation ceased ages ago; yet it is quite certain that the worms known as maggots may be created by a blow. The most detestable of all the vermicular tribe is the Worm of the Still, which is a sort of caterer for the worm, which never dieth—a reptile of another sphere, that has never been described in Natural History. The only worm recognized as edible by civilized man is produced in Italy and vulgarly known as wormy-chilly. The subject is susceptible of further expansion, but having run it into the ground, we here break it off.

DUBIOUS ENGLISH.

THE Paris correspondence of one of the city dailies has the following terse, but somewhat equivocal statement:

"Another murder of a brutal character is reported."

At the first glance one is inclined to wonder who the "brutal character" was, whose violent death is thus referred to. On consideration, however, it is possible to arrive at the conclusion that no particular character is pointed at, but only a murder designated as brutal.

It is a way with newspaper correspondents to characterize some murders as brutal, with the view, probably, of distinguishing them from benignant murders, which, everybody knows, are of such frequent occurrence.



A RURAL VIEW OF THE CENSUS.

Farmer's Wife. (Who mistakes our Artist for a Census-taker.) "LOOK A' HERE, MISTER, IF YOU'VE COME ALONG TO TAKE THE senses OUT OF ME AND MY OLD MAN, I'LL SET THE BULL-DOG ON TER YER!"

WESTERN NOMENCLATURE.

CLOSELY allied to the study of history is that of the origin of names, and there is in it a wonderful fascination. The following brief statements will show from what a trifling incident a name may be derived—especially a Western name.

Previous to 1831 there was nothing on the site where Chicago now stands but an Indian post, which was driven into the ground at the corner of Madison and Dearborn streets. The present post-office marks the spot and commemorates the old name. About the year 1740 a party of adventurous young ladies, belonging to a Michigan boarding-school, came across the lake on an enormous raft. When they had bathed in the pellucid stream that now pours its crystal waters into the lake, they started to return, when a bad chief known as LONAJON referred to the departing maids as a She-cargo. Hence the name.

There is another version of the origin of the city's name, which states that a good Indian, named UNC KELL TOE BEE, when about to immolate a fowl for his dinner on one occasion, repented of his murderous intent and resolved to go hungry, exclaiming, as he let it fly, "Chicky-go! there is room enough in the world for thee and me." The first story, however, is best authenticated.

Michigan, as is now well known, is only a corruption of the name of Father MIKE EGAN, an Irish Catholic priest, who lived and toiled, and was finally sacrificed by the Indians, on the site of the present city of Detroit.

Iowa is only a euphonious adaptation of the symbolic letters I. O. A., which the Surveyor-General of the United States, in 1835, ordered to have inscribed on all the quarter-section posts in that territory. The initials stood for the familiar Latin maxim, *Idoneus omnium audaces*, which, freely translated, means "go in and win." Some emigrants saw the cabalistic inscription all along the roadside, and they twisted the initials into a name for their State. It was a happy thought.

The capital of Wisconsin derived its present name from a curious circumstance that occurred in the time of the mound-builders, hundreds of years before McFARLAND went there to live. An architect saved a woman's life, at the risk of his own, from a savage attack of bears,—which made her husband furiously jealous. When he came home from

his mound-building, and ascertained what had been done, he sharpened his trowel and went for the destroyer of his happiness. A medicine-man, observing his momentary frenzy, grappled with and threw him, crying to the neighbors, "Mad! ice on!" Ice was applied to his scalp, and the life of his benefactor was saved. Ever since, the place has been called Madison.

Milwaukee received its name from an eminent red predecessor of the pedestrian WESTON. This tremendous strider was called, in his melodious native tongue, "MILE-WALKER"—because, to the infinite delight of his trainer, HON. SCREELEY—he could make a mile in four minutes, without breaking.

The name of Superior was quite obscure in its origin, and the solution only yielded to the most persistent and patient inquiry. Even CHARLEVOIX does not mention it. It seems that the Chippewas who inhabit the Southwestern shore of the Lake were formerly more wretched than now—the squaws more ragged, and the papposes more Squallid; and when CARVER came through he established a charity soup-house near the western extremity. The beggarly braves flocked in with their gingerbread-colored broods, and for months the benevolent sutler who was left in charge of the establishment stood on a barrel-head and shouted daily to the assembled thousands, "Soup! Here y'are!" This was taken up and corrupted by the ignorant aborigines, and finally became Superior.

It is not necessary to say that Kenosha was named after the Western game of "Keno," or that Winnipeg is a deduction of the pleasant game of cribbage.

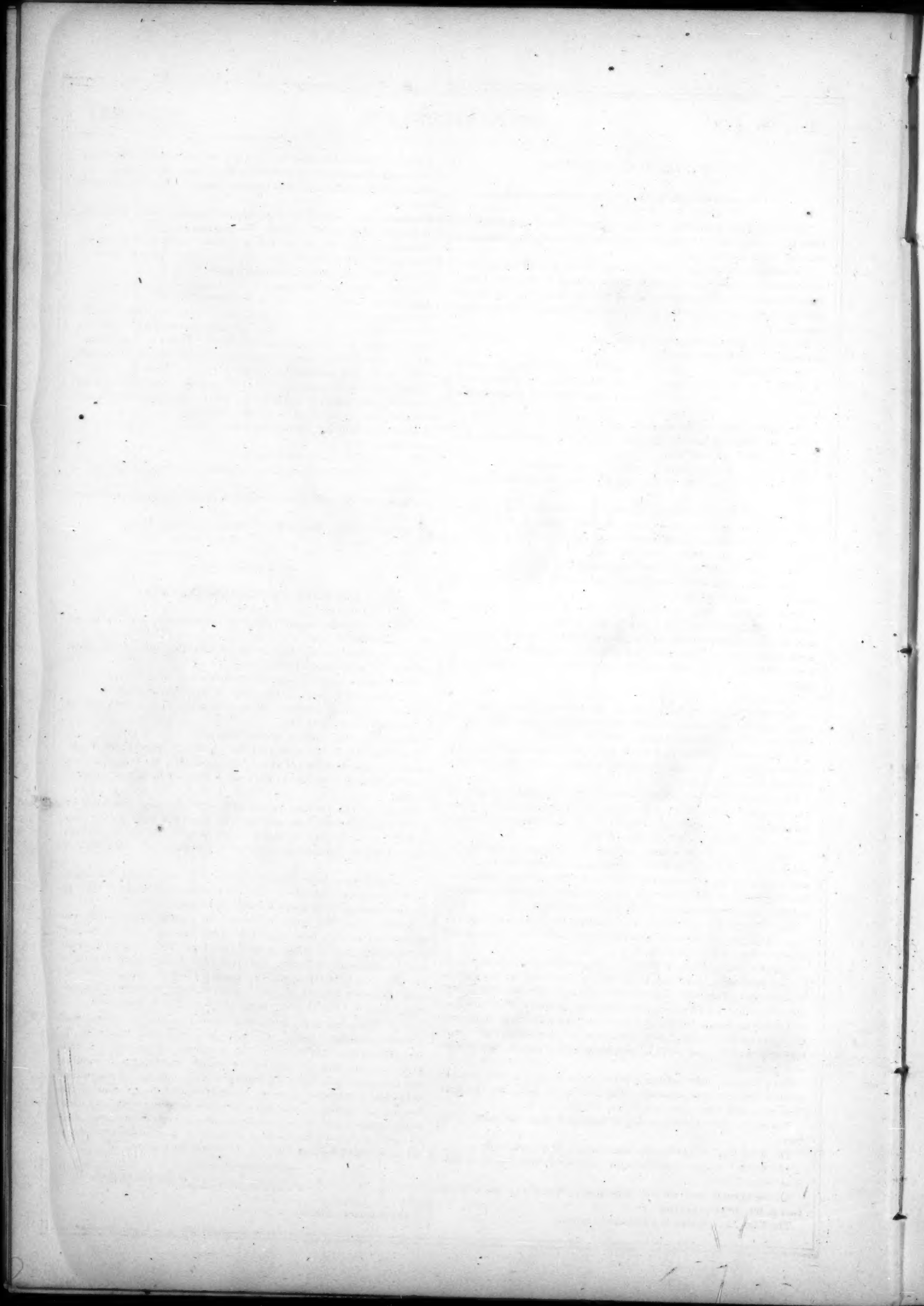
The origin of the name of Selma will be obvious to all thoughtful readers who remember that it has been a notorious slave market.

Michillimackinac is an Indian name, and originated in a touching dialogue between two little Pottawattonies in the dead of winter. One baby complained that he was hungry, not having had a drop of dinner, when the other calmly replied, "My-chilly-ma-can-ac-commodate-you." The juvenile benevolence was so wonderful that it rendered the phrase immortal, and the whole of it was made the name of a county in Michigan. Of late years, however, this irreverent generation has lopped off the last few syllables, spoiling the harmony of the expression, and entirely sacrificing its affecting moral.



MODERN MATRIMONY.

STERN WIFE. "NOW, JOHN, I HAVE TO LUNCH WITH SOROSIS AT THREE, AND SO I LEAVE YOU TO WALK ABOUT THE SQUARE WITH THE BABY UNTIL I COME FOR YOU AT FIVE."



HIRAM GREEN AT SARATOGA.

The Hotels—Fashions—Spring Water—and Club House.

The season when everybody who can sport a 3 story trunk full of store close, and a fine assortment of Californy diamonds, and rush to a waterin' place, has got heer.

The venerable head of a family pegs away at bizness all winter, and when summer comes his wife and darters pile off to Niagary, Long-branch, Saratogy, or somewhere else, where they make the Govenor's calf skin wallet cry for quarter, as they rag out in their most celubrious manner.

I'm stoppin' heer at Saratogy, baskin', as it were, in the mellifluous sunshine of earth's fairest flowers.

That the readers of PUNCHINELLO may understand how the season is openin' heer, let an old Stateman, who has served his country for 4 years as Gustise of the Peece, consine his' thoughts and observashuns to paper.

The season is openin' rather encouragin'.

The only openin' I know of that can beat it, was openin' clams at a clam-bake down at Coney Island.

With Hotel proprietors heer it is a good deal like eatin' clams.

When a person has lickt out the meet of a clam he throws the shell away.

So it is with the a-4-sed Hotel Keeper. When he licks all the sweet meet out of his border's calf-skin pocket-book, he has no further use for the empty shell, and consequently chucks him out of the winder as lively as Wall street hussles out a lame duck.

The biggest houses heer are the Congris and Union.

These institushuns are to terryfermer, what NOEX's Ark and the grate Eastern was to commerce.

These taverns, bein' mammoth, perserve their mammothness by chargin' mammoth bord bills. Ten cents a breth and fifteen cents a sneeze, any ordinary member of Congress can stand; but when a wooden tooth-pick costs you Twenty-five cents, and a cleen napkin half a dollar, a visitor size for an app'intment as Revenoo Officer in a good fat whiskey district.

There is quite a heep of people at Congress haul.

This bildin' is surrounded by piazas, where the fare sects slam out, araid in gushin' apparel and stoopin' and tremblin' under their lode of false hair, like an Irishman under a hod full of bricks.

In this stoopin' posture their hands hangs down, and the picter seen in nateral history, of a Kangaroo trying to stand ereckt, gives us what is called the Greshun bend.

When the fair bell strikes an attitood, with fore paws danglin' at half-mast, to be admired by a dandifide lot of Tommynoodles of the opposite sects, the opinion of this ere cort is, that insted of Greshun bend, it had orter be called Kangaroo bend.

I notis that old wimmin heer, as well as young ones, sport pretty gorgeous harnesses. Last evenin' I was passin' a fashinable House heer and I saw an anshient femail who was fixed with ribbins, satins, etc. She looked like an advertisement for some glass factory, for she was covered with a small waggin lode of glass diamonds.

She held a poodle purp in her lap. On her head was a lose nite cap from which ringlets and spit curls was danglin', like a lot of fish-worms crawlin' over the top of a bait box.

Thinks I, she was the old woman of the period and no mistake.

It is fashinable heer to go to the Springs and swill down Congress water by the gallon—called Congress water from the fact that it will take the kinks out of a Congressman's hair, mornin's, after indulgin' in a shampain supper, and any Inn Keeper heer, altho' they theielves may have several diseases hicht onto them, will assure you that "Saratogy waters is the waters of life," and is "a certain cure for any disease ever invented."

From my own observashuns it takes a person about 3 days to begin relishin' Saratogy mineral water. The first day it tastes like the juice of an old soked bute.

The second day it reminds you of brine out of an old musty pork barrel.

The third day it tastes like See water near a New York dock.

Afterwards it begins improvin' until bimebye I would as leave have it as Gin and Tansy.

All the Springs heer are well patronized. Neerly as much so as the bars at the Drinkin' Saloons.

The High Rock Spring is a first-class curiosity.

A good comfortable income could be got out of a quarry which prodooced such stuns as the one from which High Rock water flows.

One of the institushuns of this summer resort is Mister MORRISSEY's Club-house.

The Hon. JOHN is more of a success at Congress hauls, Saratogy, than he is at the Halls of Congress, Washington, D. C.

When other members git on their high-heeled butes at Washington, debatin' about the admishun of another State, JOHN's voice is silent.

When debatin' the grate public question of

"Heads I win, tails you lose,"

JOHN is the most elokent man in Saratogy.

If any individual don't beleove what I say, let him buck agin Mr. M., and he will diskiver that the product of his experience will "Bite like a Jersey skeeter, and sting like one of Recorder HACKERT's sentences."

As my wife's second cuzzin lives heer, I shall be heer occashonly doorin' the summer seesun, a visitin' her.

I like it heer as a visitor—at Mrs. G's cuzzin's house, altho', in her eccentricity, she sumtimes doesn't have dinner while I am around, and often she locks the door when I am out after dark.

I sometimes think her family would enjoy theielves full as well if I wasent there.

Still, that is their look-out, not mine.

A nawin' sensashun withinto me announces the hour of dinner. I must close.

As NAPOLEON remarkt, when he herd that the *Plebiscotum* had come out ahead:

"Rest a cat in pase, Hunc e dores," which is a furtin tongue.

Ewers,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Back.—A courtship should continue at least two weeks before an offer of marriage is made.

An engagement should not last longer than from two to five days; marriage for an indefinite period.

We will answer your inquiries about divorce in our next.

X. Y. Z.—JACK is the common abbreviation for the name JOHN.

R.—If a man has a number of small children, (waifs,) would it be too thin to call him a wafer?

Answer.—Are the children male or female?

Cris Pin.—We do not know that the Chinese have ever been distinguished as manufacturers of shoes. It is possible, however, that they excel in making slippers, as they are known to be a very slippery people.

Macaroni.—You are right in supposing that the queer little birds by which our parks have been enlivened for some few years past are improperly called English sparrows. That they are German is obvious from the fact of their preferring a Diet of Worms to any other kind of Grub.

Canadian asks us three questions.—1st. Who were the MACDONALDS, when Canada was discovered? 2nd. Who were the CARTIERS? 3d. Is the Government of Ontario a Liberal Government?

Answers.—1st. The name is Italian; the founder of the family was MACRINUS DIONALDI, (who came over with CARTIER,)—which became corrupted by political influence to MACDONALD.—2nd. JACQUES CARTIER was the discoverer of Canada, but the present CARTIER is no relation of his.—3d. The term "Liberal," in connection with the Ontario Government, is merely a figure of speech, as there is no liberality in the concern, which is "run" by SANDFIELD MACDONALD on a cheap plan.

A. B. C. inquires how it is that the editor of the *Sun* has allowed that journal to become a vehicle of vituperation, respecting Messrs. A. T. STEWART, RIDLEY, and other leading merchants of this city. To this query we reply that the spots on the *Sun* are increasing so in number and magnitude as to baffle our telescopic investigations. A suggestion in the case is furnished, however, by the fact that the columns of the *Sun* are not lighted up with advertisements from any of the establishments against which it has been discharging its meteoric sneezes. And this may account for the dearth of the milk of journalistic courtesy in the cocoa-nut of the DAN PHOEBUS who "runs the machine."

"Young's Night Thoughts."

The Standard editorials.



"GONE TO GRASS."

Edwin. (Popping the question.) "WILL YOU, DEAREST ANGELINA, SAY, WILL YOU—"
Farmer. (Popping up his head.) "GIT EOWT O' MY MEADOW, YEOW TWO—WILL YEOW?"

OUR CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

As everybody knows, PUNCHINELLO absolutely beams with benevolence toward the human race, and a further proof of his disinterested and self-sacrificing generosity is about to be displayed. PUNCHINELLO has been pained to notice the wretched material with which, for want of a well-posted New York correspondent, the country editor of the period (amusing *sui generis*) is forced to fill his scanty columns under the much-displayed caption, "Our New York Letter.—From Our Own Correspondent." To obviate this difficulty, the following interesting and important items of New York news, which are believed to have never before been published, are gratuitously furnished, and the copyright which applies to the rest of the paper is generously taken off from this particular column.

PUNCHINELLO is forced to admit, with due humility, his unfitness to embellish his letters with the gorgeous and pyrotechnic lavishness of "fancy writing" which graces the letters of the New York Correspondents, but he is sure that the items which follow are infinitely more truthful than are the most of the statements furnished by those highly erudite and ornamental gentlemen. And in infusing such an element of comparative truthfulness into the current statements about New York city, PUNCHINELLO experiences the proud satisfaction of having done his duty.

Items.—The recent unpleasantness between HUGH HASTINGS and THEODORE TILTON has culminated in a duel with howitzers, in which the former had his head carried away, and the latter had both legs shot off.

The fact has leaked out, that the recently reported BEETHOVEN Centennial Jubilee was a myth. There is no such building in New York as was described, and no concerts have taken place. The reports in the local papers were written by unscrupulous Bohemians in the pay of the musicians whom they puffed.

The New York police are notoriously inefficient. They are generally to be found lying drunk across the sidewalk, and 623 carriages are sent around every evening to gather them up.

HORACE GREELEY has joined the Red Stocking Base Ball Nine.

A NOTE FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

I am a musician. I constitute one twenty-fourth of the orchestra at Boot's. I nightly blow the drum. Thus much by way of introduction to the dear public, whose devoted servant I am, preliminary to a recital of my woes. Whoever has been inside the theatre named has probably noticed the peculiar construction, or rather location, of the enclosure wherein we manipulators of melody are penned up. I know not what cause or provocation the architect of Boot's Theatre may have had, but certain it is that he entertains a horrible spite against musicians. He may have been distracted by diabolical hand-organs, or driven wild by bungling buglists, but why should he include worthy and unoffending artists in his hatred? The revenge of a BORGIA was not more terrible or cruel than that of this architect. He has put the orchestra so far below the stage that no part of the latter is visible to the poor musicians.

Fearful that some unusually tall one should catch an occasional glimpse of the apex of some equally tall performer, he has made the front of the stage project, like an overhanging Table Rock, above the devoted orchestral heads. And there we sit, like a row of human Stoughton bottles, having eyes, yet seeing not the plays that we hear enacted. I am disgusted. I am mad about it. It is a way of "coming it over us," that is contemptible.

What I want to know is, how can I derive any satisfaction from HAMLET's death when I don't see him die? How can I sit quietly there and see the audience go into convulsions over Major WELLINGTON DE BOOTS, when I can by no possibility see the point of the joke?

Alas! There are no convulsions for me! Every night for two weeks has the Huguenot slain the hectoring HECTOR, and I remain in blissful (no, not blissful) ignorance of the manner of his taking off. It has gone far past endurance, and I humbly trust that the public, or Mr. BORGIA, or somebody imbued with philanthropic feelings, will do something for that suffering body—Boot's orchestra.

A SUFFERER.

People are dying of cholera in New York at the rate of 352 a day. Six emigrant ships arrived this morning, having on board 374 cases of small-pox, 685 of cholera, and 897 of yellow fever. No alarm is yet felt, however.

A Mighty Modern Jehu.

We learn from newspapers that Mrs. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN drives a splendid four-in-hand turnout at Newport.

Well, Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN has been driving four-in-hand, too, for years past, and the names of his horses are Fenianism, Buncombe, GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, and Blatheremskite.



SEASONABLE.

THE HAIRY CATERPILLAR STYLE OF HEAD-DRESS.

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



For a certainty Mr. WATTS PHILLIPS made a mistake when he fancied himself a dramatist. Possibly he may have inherited some small share of the poetical talent of his well-known maternal grandfather,—the author of "Divine and Moral Songs for Children," but he has shown no sign of the eminent histrionic genius which has made his elder brother, Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, so popular a Reformer. Still, if he was bent upon writing plays he should have confined himself to dramatizing the more quiet and domestic of Dr. WATTS's poems. "How doth the little busy bee"—for example—could have been turned into quite a nice little five-act drama, had Mr. PHILLIPS condescended to grapple with so simple a subject. But no, he must indulge in battles, and Sepoys, and Butchers of St. BARTHOLOMEW, and dancing girls and things. He will write sensational plays, let the consequences be what they may. Hence we are made to suffer from *Not Guilty*, *The Huguenot*, and similar harrowing spectacles. The *Huguenot*, which has just died a lingering death at Booth's Theatre, is an aggravated case of dramatic misdemeanor on the part of the author, since it is wantonly stretched out into five acts, when it could properly be compressed into three. A strict compliance with the old maxim, "*De mortuis nil desperandum nisi prius*," (I haven't quite forgotten my Latin yet,) would oblige me to refrain from abusing it, now that it is happily dead; but, as another proverb puts it, "The law knows no necessity," and I therefore can do as I choose. Here, then, is its corpse, exhumed as a warning to those who may be about to witness any other of Mr. PHILLIPS's dramas. I flatter myself that the disinterested public will agree with me, that if all the Huguenots were as tedious as Mr. WATTS PHILLIPS's private *Huguenot*, the massacre of St. BARTHOLOMEW was a pleasing manifestation of a very natural and commendable indignation on the part of their much-suffering fellow-citizens not of Protestant descent.

ACT I.—Scene, a tavern in the outskirts of Paris. RENE, the Huguenot, is pretending to sleep on an uncomfortable wooden bench. A drunken villain insults a lovely gipsy. RENE gets up and kills him, and escapes his pursuers by falling over a convenient precipice. Curtain.

MR. WALLER. (Soliloquizing behind the scene.) "To-morrow I'll have a comfortable bench to sleep on, if I have to take MACCOONIGLE's sofa. I won't play RENE again if I have to lie for twenty minutes on that infamous board bench!"

COMIC MAN. (Who is believed to read HARPER's "Drawer.") "You know WATTS PHILLIPS is a grandson of old Dr. WATTS. Now here's a genealogical joke. If Tom's father is DICK's son, what relation is DICK to Tom?"

ACCOMPANYING FRIEND. "Nephew? niece? mother-in-law?—I give it up!"

COMIC MAN. "I thought you would. Well, he is—Upon my word I forget the answer, but it's a first rate one. I've got it down at the office, anyhow!"

ACT II.—Scene, the interior of a Duchess's drawing-room. Enter RENE through the window.

RENE. "I have killed a man and am pursued. Save me!"

DUCHESS. (Aside.) "Perhaps he is an influential politician, and may get my son an office in the Street Department." To RENE—"Sir, I will save you. Get behind the curtain." (Enter mob of drunken soldiers.)

FIRST SOLDIER. "Your Grace's son has just been killed. I see the murderer's legs behind the curtain."

DUCHESS. "You can't have him, for I have promised to save him. Get out, the whole lot of you. Come here, you murderous wretch. I've saved you this time, but I won't do it again. Here comes the officer to seize you." (He is seized. Curtain.)

FIRST CRITICAL PERSON. "How do you like it?"

SECOND CRITICAL PERSON. "I hardly think the unities are fixed up

just the way they should be, but the scenery is fair, and WALLER isn't so bad."

COMIC PERSON. "Now here's another joke which you can't guess. Said a little four-year-old boy, 'My father and mother have a daughter who is not my sister.' Now what relation was she to the boy?"

ACCOMPANYING FRIEND. (Looking in vain for a policeman, but finding none.) "I don't know, I'm sure."

COMIC PERSON. "Give it up, do you? Why, she was his sister; the boy lied, you see. Ha! ha! ha!"

ACT III.—Scene, the outside of a prison in which RENE is confined. A confederate breaks in and sets it on fire. RENE escapes. Curtain.

YOUNG LADY. "Pa, why did you come here, if you intended to sleep all the time, and never speak a word to me?"

PA. "Because, my dear, I am troubled with inability to sleep. Morphine won't help me, but WATTS PHILLIPS will. My physician tells me that he always prescribes one of PHILLIPS's plays in cases like mine."

COMIC PERSON. "Now here's another one. This will tickle you, for it's first rate. You ought to read the "Drawer," and remember the anecdotes, so that you can repeat them when you're in company. That's the way I get up all the good things I say. O! this is the question I was going to ask you. Said a man, "Father and mother have I none, but this—"

ACCOMPANYING FRIEND. (With great precipitation.) "Excuse me, but I see a friend in a box whom I must speak to." (Kisses.)

COMIC PERSON. "Never mind, I'll tell it to the usher the first time he comes this way."

ACT IV.—RENE is discovered, disguised as a monk.

RENE. "The hounds of justice dog me. Therefore I will keep in their way until I have seen the lovely niece of the Duchess. She must love me when she learns that I have killed her cousin." Curtain.

ONE-HALF OF THE AUDIENCE. "Is that really the whole of the act?"

THE OTHER HALF. "Thank goodness! it really is."

ACT V.—Scene, the palace of the Duchess. Enter RENE and the LOVELY NIECE.

RENE. "The hounds of justice are laying for me just outside the door. Fly with me, my beloved! (Enter the DUCHESS.)

DUCHESS. "She will not fly if I am at all acquainted with myself. Gyrull, this fellow murdered my son, and I will give him up to justice." (Enter COURT PHYSICIAN.)

COURT PHYSICIAN. Your Grace is mistaken. True, your son lay dead for a month or two, but by a judicious application of four dozen bottles of my "Universal Hair Restorer and Consumption Cure," he has recovered. Here he comes."

DUCHESS. "Tis he! 'Tis my son, though rather thin about the legs. RENE, I forgive you. Marry the gyurll if you wish. Bless you, my children." Curtain.

FIRST USHER. "Go round, somebody, and wake the people up. If you don't, they'll sit here and snore all night."

SECOND USHER. "No they won't. They'll wake up, now the play is over."

And the event proves that he is right. Slowly and gappingly the audience arises, strolls sleepily out of the door, and entering wrong stages, is carried to all manner of wrong destinations. So strong is the soporific influence of the Phillipic drama, that not until hours after the play is over, does the average spectator become sufficiently wakeful to express an intelligible regret that Mr. WALLER and Mrs. MOLLENHAUER should not have made their reappearance on the stage in some drama in which they could have had an opportunity to act, and in which the public could have taken some little interest.

MATADOR.

Our Filthy Lucre.

Messrs. BROCKWAY, brewers, have lately been subjected to law process for the impropriety of "cleansing" revenue stamps connected with the ale business, with the view of using them over again.

In one point of view there seems to have been a hardship in the case referred to. Millions of people are daily occupied in dirtying our lovely currency stamps, as well as in "using them over again," and yet nobody has ever been "brought up" for the diabolical act.

Interesting to Inventors.

Weekly meetings are being held by the Department of Docks, to hear suggestions from inventors. It is expected, of course, that the latter will be willing to be tried by their Peers.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THESE TWO PICTURES.



THIS IS A YOUNG MAN GETTING READY FOR A PARTY.



AND THIS IS A PARTY GETTING READY FOR A YOUNG MAN.

SOCIETY, ETC.

It is rather a pleasing recreation, when no other is at hand, to read the letters of some of the New York correspondents who do the heavy Trite and the small Horrible for the outside barbaric folios. Standing on the shore of their Firth of Froth, so to speak, we watch with considerable interest the unique soarings and divings of "Our Own." One of these writers informs the readers of a Boston paper that "There is a great deal of business talent in New York," and that "There is a great deal of what is called fashionable society in New York." There is wisdom in solid chunks. It is highly important that such facts as these should be stated seriously in State street and be conned in Beacon street. "Our Own," be it remembered, is speaking of the "Tone of Society," and he proceeds to remark, with great pertinence, that in our unfortunate city, "There is a coarse, rude, uncivil way of doing business, so general as to attract attention. If you do not take a hack at the impertinent solicitation of the driver, he will unquestionably curse you." "The telegraph operator grabs your message and eyes you as if you were a pickpocket." Now, Mr. PUNCHINELLO does not offer himself as an apologist for the abusive and obstreperous hackman, but he wishes to say that in the course of his active and eventful career he has had various conferences with those servants of the sidewalk, and he has never yet been unquestionably cursed by any one of the whole bad lot. Only yesterday he had occasion to intimate to one of these tide-waiters, that vehicular aid was not desired. There was a merry twinkle in the eye of the Rejected, and he added, as an additional persuader, "Baggage Smashed!" Mr. PUNCHINELLO felt gratified at sincerity in an unexpected direction.

"Our correspondent" is also exercised on the old-time grievance of ladies in the horse-cars. He declares that "It is the rarest thing in the world for a New York lady to return the slightest acknowledgement for a seat tendered to her. She takes the seat as if it were her right, and gives the gentleman a withering look for his impertinence in being in it when she entered."

PUNCHINELLO has been more fortunate. He has been crowded by sitters, and punched with umbrellas; his eloquent nose has been offended by filthy straw, full often, in his Avenue travel, until he hopes fervently that we may have a new method of getting up and down town; it isn't pleasant to be knocked down; but he has never yet been withered. Oh, no. He does not require a lady to genuflect before him to show her appreciation of a gentlemanly act. Mr. PUNCHINELLO, being a

gentleman of the old school, and of several colleges and universities, is quite satisfied by a nod and a smile, or "Thank you." And one or the other he is pretty certain to receive. He never encounters the withering look which madam gives to other men to mad 'em. But alas for "our own" unlucky correspondent!

PUNCHINELLO has often had occasion to confer with the gentlemen who "blow messages on the hollow wire," as they say out at Fort Laramie,—but he disclaims ever having been looked upon as a pickpocket. Behold his smiling face and say if any telegraph operator could be so slow as to believe him a fingerer of other men's fobs.

Commercial Con.

WHY does the Ocean Commerce of America remind one of the railings of a gallery? Because, just now, it is simply Ballast Trade.

"Thereby Hangs a Tail."

A citizen of Dubuque is said by a newspaper itemizer to have lately developed a tail. We do not believe it; but that the author of the story is a tale-bearer, himself, is a matter beyond question.

BOOK NOTICES.

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By an error in our notice of "The Men who Advertise," (see PUNCHINELLO No. 13,) the name of the publishers of that useful volume, Messrs. G. P. ROWELL & Co., was omitted.

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